

Democratic Enquirer.

Democratic at all Times and under all Circumstances.

VOLUME 1.

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1867.

NUMBER 14.

Democratic Enquirer

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
J. W. BOWEN,
Editor and Publisher.

OFFICE—In Malone's Building, on Main Street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year, \$1.00
One copy, six months, .75
One copy, three months, .50
Five copies, one year, to one Post Office, \$5.00
Ten copies, one year, to one Post Office, \$10.00
Our terms require payment to be made strictly in advance.
A failure to give notice of a wish to discontinue at the close of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement; and no paper will be discontinued until after all arrearages shall be paid.
Papers are delivered through the mail free of postage within the county, and also, free to subscribers living in the county, whose postoffice is out of the county.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Ten lines of type, or the space occupied by the same, make one square.
One square, one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .50
All transient advertising for a shorter period than three months, charged at the above rates.
3 mos. 6 mos. 9 mos. 12 mos.
1 column, \$3.00 \$5.00 \$7.00 \$9.00
2 columns, 5.00 8.00 11.00 14.00
3 columns, 7.00 11.00 15.00 19.00
4 columns, 9.00 14.00 19.00 24.00
5 columns, 11.00 17.00 23.00 29.00
Business cards, from 6 to 10 lines, per annum, \$5.00
Divorce Notices, not exceeding 20 lines, (in advance), 5.00
Each additional 10 lines, 2.00
Attachment Notices, (in advance), 2.00
Administrator's or Executor's Notices, (in advance), 2.00
Notices of runaway husbands or wives, double price, and in advance.
Notices of Deaths, free. Marriage Notices, according to the liberality of the parties.
Notices in the local column, 10 cents per line for each insertion.
Notices of political meetings, free.

Business Cards.

G. W. J. WOLTZ,
WATCH & CLOCK MAKER,
Three Doors East of the Hubert House,
McArthur, Ohio.
REPAIRING done to order. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS correctly repaired.
Spectacles to suit all eyes.
January 31, 1867-ly

VINTON COUNTY BANK,
(INCORPORATED),
McArthur, Ohio.

STOCKHOLDERS:
JOE J. MCDOWELL, PRESIDENT.
JAS. W. DELAY, CASHIER.
H. S. BUNDY, E. D. BODGE, ANDREW WOLF,
D. V. KANWIS, FRANK SPOON,
W. F. ADAMS, A. A. ADAMS.

BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.

HAVING formed a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting a
GENERAL BANKING AND EXCHANGE BUSINESS,
and with ample facilities for the transaction of any business pertaining to legitimate banking, we tender our services to the business public generally.
We BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE, GOLD AND BONDS. Money loaned at reasonable rates on negotiable paper. Revenue Stamps always on hand and for sale. Interest paid on time deposits.
Persons wishing to remit money to Foreign Countries can obtain drafts at our Office.
February 7, 1867-3m

J. A. MONAHAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HAMDEN, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.
THANKFUL for the liberal patronage received for the two past years, he would say to those desiring his professional services, that he may always be found at his Office or residence, on Main Street, unless absent on professional business.
February 28, 1867-ly

CHAS. BROWN, Pres't, DAN. WILL, Cash.
WILL, BROWN & CO.,
BANKERS,
One Door West Dan. Will & Bro's Store, North Side Main Street,
McARTHUR, OHIO.

DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS;
Deal in Exchange, Government Securities, Stocks, Bonds, Gold and Silver, &c.
Deposits received. Interest paid on time deposits.
Collections made at all accessible points in the United States.
United States Revenue Stamps for sale.
All business done on the most liberal terms and with the utmost promptness.
February 28, 1867-ly

JOHN C. STEVENSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
JACKSON C. H., OHIO.
WILL practice in the Courts of Jackson, Vinton and other counties.
January 24, 1867-4f

DANIEL S. DANA,
Attorney at Law,
McARTHUR, OHIO.

WILL practice in the Courts of Vinton, Athens, and Jackson Counties; also, in the United States Courts of the Southern District of Ohio.
Office—Second story of Davis' Building, on Main Street.
January 24, 1867-4f

CITY HOTEL,
Corner Basin and Third Streets,
HAMILTON, OHIO,
B. P. CHURCHILL, Proprietor.

SITUATED in the business part of the City, and near the Rail Road Depot.
On the premises run up and from, every train.
January 31, 1867-4f

H. C. MOORE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALLENSVILLE, OHIO.

AFTER an absence of two years, offers his professional services to the citizens of Alleensville and surrounding country.
March 21, 1867-4f

McARTHUR ENQUIRER

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
MALONE'S BUILDING,
J. W. BOWEN, Proprietor.

McArthur, Ohio.

ALL kinds of plain and fancy printing done at the very lowest prices.

Poetry.

A MEMORY.

BY CORA LEIGH.

A fountain playing in the stillness
Of a hush supremely sweet,
Moonlight shimmering rays of silver
At the marble Undine's feet;
Faint, delicious odors, floating
Dreamy, on the summer air—
Night of softly Italian summer,
How divinely fair!

Eyes of dark and melting splendor,
Where the soul of genius lay,
Eyes, oh! so bewitching tender,
That they stole my heart away.

Lips that told the olden story,
Which, however old it be,
Holds for each that same sweet glory
That it held for me.

Years have passed, and by the fire-light,
As I watch the embers glow,
Thought goes back to that divine night
By the Arno's moonlight flow.

O, Italian fair Italia!
The poet-artist's treasure-trove!
Thou holdest the sweetest memory,
My heart's bright dream of love.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY H. P.

Why did you leave me, Maud, half broken-hearted?
You knew in my breast I was tender and true;
Oh, had you but seen my tears since we were parted,
Your conduct to me would certainly rue!

From morning to eve, and from eve unto morning,
Sad and alone I've moaned my sad fate;
Mine is a night that will ne'er have a drawing,
Mine is a sorrow that cannot abate.

The nightingale trills his sweet song in the bush,
When fades the bright sun in his home in the west;
At morn'g the lark flies beneath the broad skylight,
As they did when my hopes were fairest and best.

Full often I roam by the broad river flowing,
And dashing along by the green, grassy lea,
Where Nature her bountiful gifts is bestowing,
A joy or a pleasure she cannot give me!

But off to the woods, where the sad, weeping willow
Is bending north zephyrs, in sadness I'll lie;
And on the green moss, with a turf for my pillow,
The poor, broken-hearted fond lover will die!

One year ago! How many a change
Methought old Time would bring,
As Hope, in gayest, wildest range,
Went forth on Enoch's wing.

Visions and dreams, as bright and fair
As Morpheus could bestow,
And smiles as sweet as angels wear,
Were mine one year ago.

One year ago! the future bore
No shadow on its brow;
But all like grass that went before,
'Tis closed in darkness now.

Hope ever smiles on coming time,
While shadows dark and low,
Hang o'er the hopes that had their birth,
—One little year ago!

How often has the use of ardent spirits
"Rendered a man of the brightest parts
The commonest jest of the meanest clown."

Select Story.

A SLEIGH RIDE;

OR,

Courting a School Ma'am.

BY H. ELLIOTT M'BRIDE.

"UNCLE, it is a whim of mine. I am sick and tired of city life, and this round of fashion. Fortune hunters are forever besieging me, and I am determined to marry none of them. When I marry, the happy man shall be an honest and a good man, and one who loves me for myself alone, not for my fifty thousand."
"And so, my dear, this is why you wish to leave the city, and become a prim school teacher in that slow old village of Wrentham. You want to marry one of the unsophisticated clod-hoppers out there I suppose. Well, you are a queer child, but of course you shall have your way."

"You are a dear, kind uncle," said the little fairy, as she brushed back the hair from her forehead and imprinted a kiss thereon.

"When do you want to commence this missionary work of yours?" continued Morton. "Will you be off before daylight to-morrow, and commence immediately the task of teaching the young idea how to shoot in the proper direction?"

"No, uncle; I will write to that kind lady friend of yours, Mrs. Hawley, and ask her if she will allow me to sojourn with her for a while. Then, when I am in Wrentham, I will have ample time to look around me and see if I can get an opportunity of filling the office of school mistress. And remember, uncle, I wish to be known out there only as Alice Linville, not as Alice Linville Harper. Mrs. Hawley will humor me I know; and I hope you will do the same."

"Certainly; anything to keep peace in the family. Everything shall be arranged as you desire."

In three weeks after the conversation above narrated took place, the pretty little Alice found herself seated behind a high desk in the dingy school-room of Wrentham, and surrounded by three or four dozen tow-headed, dirty faced urchins. For a time she felt that she was out of her sphere, and tired of her undertaking. She plucked courage, however, and went boldly ahead with her work, determined that nothing but sickness or death should remove her. In the course of time she came to like the business, and her scholars almost idolized her; this being the case she progressed swimmingly. The school, which had before received the name of the Fighting Den, was now very much changed; and Alice, as a teacher, received golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Reader, enter with me the office of a modern Episcopus. 'Tis a dirty place to go, I know, as the air is perfumed with all kinds of ugly and disagreeable medicines. Harry Benson is there, and we must enter too, if we would hear the conversation with the young Doctor, even Mark Percival.

"I tell you, Harry, you'll regret if you marry her. Take my advice, and don't propose. This kind of love is all moonshine. She's as poor as Job's turkey, and makes her living by school teaching. Even if you could live on love for a week, you would tire of it after a while, and would begin to hunger for bread and beef. Take the advice of a sensible man, do not marry until you find a woman who is sole possessor of a small pile of gold."

"Doctor, you and I have been friends from our youth up, and I have invariably found your advice sound and good, but I feel disposed to have no heed to it in the present case. Just wait till you come across your 'bright, particular star,' and you'll grab her and think yourself happy in getting her, even if she hasn't a red."

"And so you think this Alice Linville your bright particular star, or in other words the right woman. Well, if you do, I suppose you had better go ahead; but, really, I wouldn't like to marry a little girl who wields the birchen stick for a living, and who hasn't any wealth but the little amount of calico she carries on her back."

"Doctor, I tell you I don't care for that. I know I am poor, but I have a strong right arm, able and willing to work. I had rather, I know, should I be successful, be able to take Alice to a splendid house, but if she loves me she will be willing to share my humble cottage. But, Doctor, I can talk no longer. I must call at Mrs. Hawley's this evening to see if Alice will accompany me to the sleighing-party to-night. I suppose you will be on hand?"

"I'll be there, but high on that; and I

will show you a star that will eclipse your bright particular; and a star, too, that has a golden light, which adds new luster to her beams."

"Well, good-by; and I wish you success in your pursuit of a pile of gold."

One would have thought the whole world was out that evening, to have stood on one street of Wrentham, and listened to the sleigh bells, as they tinkled, and rattled, and crashed, as the forty sleighs, freighted with their precious burdens of lads and lassies, dashed down the rock-bound valleys of Moss.

The night was frosty; oh, so frosty; and the stars twinkled and blinked, as if they also enjoyed the fun of the sleighing; and the horses bounded along as if proud of being in the gay procession.

As the sleighs dashed through the village, windows were thrown up and doors flung open, and the startled people rushed out to see what was the matter. Such a gay procession don't often break the monotony of that quiet little village; and when it came, in all its grandeur and magnificence, with silvery bells and laughing boys and girls, it was not to be wondered at that the village should be startled and surprised, and they should drop all, and rush out, unmindful of the biting, frosty air.

And the eighty laughing boys and girls were then on their way.

The fourth sleigh in the crashing, jangling procession, contained the fair ma'am, Alice Linville, and the young farmer, Harry Benson.

The Florence Hotel was distant some six or eight miles from Wrentham, and Harry had ample time to tell his tale of love. And while the stars looked down and twinkled with a frosty brilliancy, and the hills around echoed and re-echoed with the tinkling of thousands of sleigh-bells, he did tell his tale of love.

He told her he had loved her ever since she first came among them; he told her he was poor, but if she would consent to be his bride he would ever strive to make her happy; he told her he would follow her path with flowers; he told her he would love her forever; and he told her a great many other things it would be useless to repeat, in fact he got postical, and said just such queer things as a good many other boys do, when they come to the 'sticking point.'

Alice loved him, and she said so.

She consented to be his wife—she said "yes," in the sweetest tones imaginable, and when she did say yes, it threw Harry into a 'spell,' and regardless of the lookers-on in the sleigh behind, flung his arms around her and kissed her half a dozen times. The consequence of this was, Harry's horse became frightened at the several smacks, and as Harry couldn't hold the reins and Alice at once, the horse ran over the bank and upset the happy couple into a snow drift; they were soon picked up, however, nothing serious having occurred, and the procession again shot on at lightning speed toward the hotel.

As the story writers say, I have but little more to add.

Alice informed Harry of her wealth, as they returned home that night from the party, and why she played the part of school ma'am. Harry broke out again in a joyous spell, but he was careful this time to use but one arm in his vehement and delighted gestures.

After school had expired, she returned to the city, and in a short time was married to Harry Benson.

The eyes of the villagers opened wide in astonishment when the story came out that Harry Benson had married Alice Linville, and that she was worth fifty thousand dollars.

Harry and Alice are now living on a large farm near the village, and neither of them have forgotten the bargain they made and sealed that frosty January night while taking together their first sleigh ride.

Napoleon, Arkansas, sends us an anecdote of a Texas soldier:

While trudging along one day all alone a soldier met a Methodist circuit rider and at once recognized him as such, but affected ignorance of it.

Preacher—"What command do you belong to?"

Soldier—"I belong to the—the Texas regiment, Van Dora's army. What army do you belong to?"

Preacher—"Very solemnly"—"I belong to the army of the Lord!"

Soldier—"My friend, you've got a very long way from Headquarters!"

How does a pitcher of water differ from a man throwing his wife off a bridge?

One is water in a pitcher, the other is pitch her in the water.

It is as hard for the good to suspect evil, as it is for the bad to suspect good.

Discretion is speech is greater and better than eloquence.

Miscellaneous.

Origin of Illustrious Persons.

Columbus was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.
Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook.
Cervantes was a common soldier.
Homer was the son of a small farmer.
Koller was the son of a tapestry maker.
Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.
Terrence was a slave.
Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.

Howard was an apprentice to a grocer.
Franklin was a printer, and a son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.
Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen draper.

Daniel Defoe was a hostler, and son of a butcher.
Whitfield was the son of an inn-keeper at Gloucester.
Bishop Prideaux worked in a kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher.
Ferguson was a shepherd.

Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardingshire, and performed his journey to Oxford on foot.
Virgil was the son of a porter.

Horace was the son of a shop keeper.
Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler.
Milton was a son of a money scrivener.
Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayrshire.
Confucius was a carpenter.

Mahommed, the prophet, "so called," was the driver of asses.
Mohomet Ali was a barber.

Madam Barnadotte was a washer-woman in Paris.

Napoleon was a descendant of an obscure family in Corsica, was a Major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobaccoist, crozier at Martinique.

John Jacob Astor once sold apples in the streets of New York.

Catharine, Empress of Russia, was a camp griolette.

Cincinnatus was ploughman in his vine yard when the Dictatorship of Rome was offered him.

UNDER THE ROD.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

Another day of pain
And weariness;
Another day of sighing
And distress.

Another day to bear
Our heavy load,
And press, with weary feet,
The thorny road.

Another day to mourn
O'er idols fled,
For hopes that chinked long
Are with the dead.

Another day to suffer
For our God,
And find the beauty hid
Beneath his rod.

Another day to feel
God's power to bless,
While strength we gain each hour
Through deep distress.

The best friend—a clear conscience.

Scene: Young lovers on the balcony.
Time: Evening.

Mr. Billin—"O, how calm, how sweet and peaceful the moon looks."

Miss Cooken—"Yes; but don't you think it looks very conspicuous?"

Germany will send a clock to Paris that will show the time at twenty-six different points in all parts of the world.

Pensioning Newspapers.

According to an act of Congress, the Clerk of the House of Representatives is empowered to authorize two newspapers in each of the excluded States to publish the United States laws and do the official advertising for the Government. Good prices are paid for this work, and the weaker class of newspapers struggle for it as if it were the journalistic elixir of life. Mr. McPherson, the House Clerk, has awarded this patronage to papers in nearly all of the Southern States, and we find that the fortunate ones are all of the extreme Radical type, and nearly all of them sickly concerns, which could not long exist without food from some untimely quarter. It seems to us that if the Radicals are determined to pension the few papers in the South which are engaged in fomenting disturbances and keeping alive political passion and hatred, it would be better to make a direct money appropriation.

They might as well be published in Kamohatka as in the journals selected, so far as their presentation to the Southern people is concerned. The said journals have no circulation that is worthy of the name, and the few copies that they print are mainly sent to admiring friends in the North. It would be a better plan to keep them alive by rations from the Freedmen's Bureau.—[New York Sun.

Pertinent Questions Answered.

THE New Orleans Times contains the following pertinent bit of catechism, which will puzzle some of our Radical friends to confute:

Did the Northern States ever have the institution of slavery? Yes.

Did they free their slaves? No.

How did they get rid of the accursed thing? They sold their slaves to the people of the South.

Why did they discontinue slavery in their midst? Because it paid better to sell their slaves than to keep them.

Did they make any provision for the future freedom of their slaves when they sold them? No.

What States were chiefly engaged in the slave trade? The Northern States. Did they continue the trade after slavery was abolished in their midst?—Yes. They continued it until the commencement of the war.

Which of the Northern States had the greatest number of vessels engaged in this trade and made the most money by keeping poor Africans and selling them into bondage? Massachusetts.

Could not Congress have passed a gradual emancipation and colonization act, allowing a moderate compensation for slaves? It could.

Would such an act have been accepted by the South? Undoubtedly.

What prompted the rebellion in the South? An assurance that the very men from whom originally the Southern people purchased their slaves, after they had been stolen from Africa, were determined to release them without a restitution of their own ill-gotten gains in the premises, and to make use of the Freedmen as tools, in order to perpetuate their own political supremacy.

Have the fears of the South been realized? Yes.

It is unnecessary to make further extracts from this suggestive and retrospective catechism.

A PORCINE JOKE.—A good story is told of a Mr. Sayer of Lexington, Ky.: Mr. Sayer liaps a little, and a good joke is told on him, the better for its truth.—Some years since an overseer of one of his farms told him he needed some hogs on his place. Said Mr. Sayer:

"Very well, go and buy four or five thousand and pigs right away, and put them on the farm."

The man, accustomed to obey, and without questioning, asked:

"Shall I take the money with me to purchase with?"

"No, thir! They all know me. They then here—I'll pay for them, or give you the money to pay when you get them."

The overseer went his way and in two weeks returned, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Mr. Sayer, I can't get that many pigs. I have ridden all over the country all about, and can buy but between eight and nine hundred."

"Eight or nine hundred what?"

"Eight or nine hundred pigs."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! Who told you to buy so many pigth? Are you a fool?"

"You told me to buy them two weeks since. I have tried to do it."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! My God! I never told you any such thing!"

"But you did—you told me to go out and buy four or five thousand pigs!"

"I didn't do no such thing! My God! I told you to go and buy four or five thousand and their little pigs, and you have done it I should say."

A QUEER WILL.—We have heard of a rather queer will which was lately admitted to probate in one of the counties bordering on the upper Cumberland. A wealthy old citizen had two sons, one of whom was in the federal army, and the other in the rebel ranks. During the early part of the war the old gentleman was taken suddenly ill, and wishing to divide his property equally between his two sons, bequeathed to Henry (the federal soldier), all his slave property, embracing about fifty negroes, and to Thomas (the boy in gray), his entire landed estate. He died, and thus the will stands. Both brothers lived to return from the war, and the gallant soldier of the lost cause being perfectly satisfied that slavery was no more, generously divided the lands with his brother, and both are living happily together, and are bitterly opposed to the radical programme.—[Nashville (Tenn.) Gazette.

The rising generation.—The Fenians.

An infant with a thousand dollar note pinned to its dress was recently left in a London railway station.